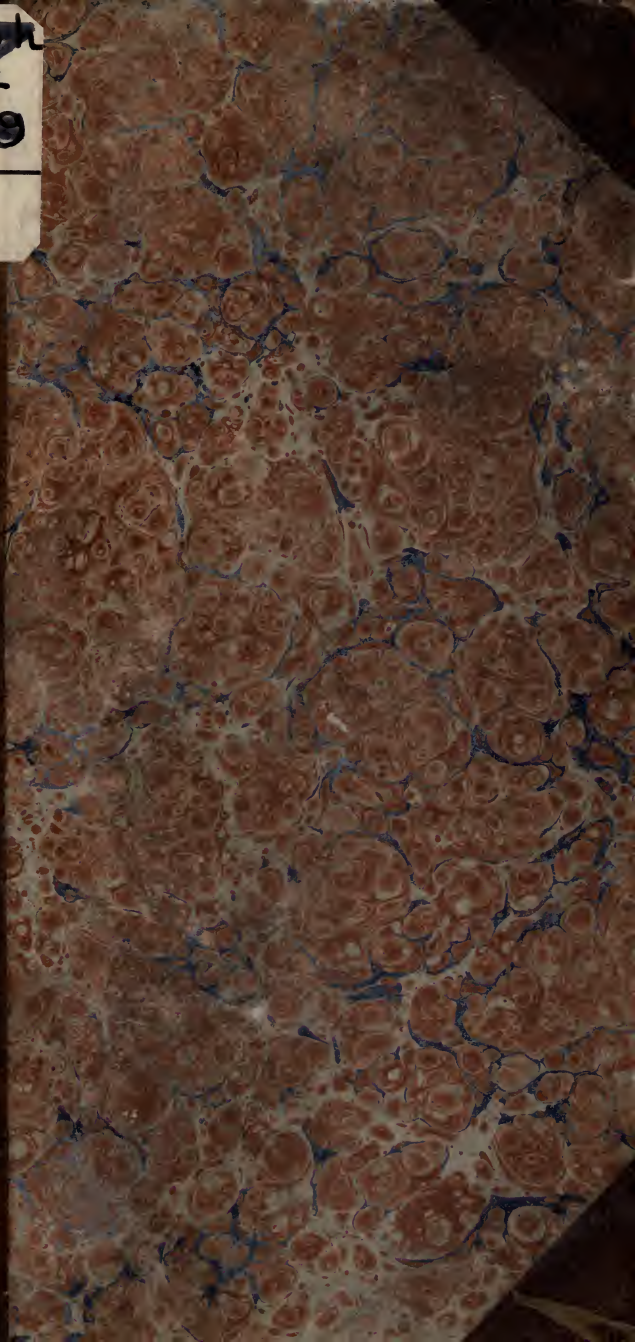


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ENGLISH BARDS,

AND

Scotch Reviewers.

A SATIRE.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew!
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.

SHAKSPEARE.

Such shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.

POPE.

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PREFACE.

WITH regard to the real talents of many of the poetical persons whose performances are mentioned, or alluded to, in the following pages, it is presumed by the Author that there can be little difference of opinion in the Public at large; though, like other sectaries, each has his separate tabernacle of proselytes, by whom his abilities are overrated, his faults overlooked, and his metrical canons received without scruple and without consideration. But the unquestionable possession of considerable genius by several of the writers here censured, renders their mental prostitution more to be regretted. Imbecility may be pitied, or, at worst, laughed at and forgotten; perverted powers demand the most decided reprehension. No one can wish more than the Author, that some known and able writer had undertaken

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their exposure, but Mr. GIFFORD has devoted himself to Massinger, and in the absence of the regular physician, a country practitioner may, in cases of absolute necessity, be allowed to prescribe his nostrum to prevent the extension of so deplorable an epidemic, provided there be no quackery in his treatment of the malady. A caustic is here offered, as it is to be feared nothing short of actual cautery can recover the numerous patients afflicted with the present prevalent and distressing rabies for rhyming.—As to the Edinburgh Reviewers; it would, indeed, require a Hercules to crush the Hydra: but if the Author succeeds in merely “bruising one of the heads of the serpent,” though his own hand should suffer in the encounter, he will be amply satisfied.

ENGLISH BARDS,
AND
SCOTCH REVIEWERS.



TIME was, ere yet in these degenerate days
Ignoble themes obtained mistaken praise,
When Sense and Wit with Poesy allied,
No fabled Graces, flourished side by side,
From the same fount their inspiration drew,
And, rear'd by Taste, bloom'd fairer as they grew.
Then, in this happy Isle, a POPE'S pure strain
Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain ;

A polish'd nation's praise aspir'd to claim,
 And rais'd the people's, as the poet's fame. 10
 Like him great DRYDEN pour'd the tide of song,
 In stream less smooth indeed yet doubly strong.
 Then CONGREVE's scenes could cheer, or OTWAY's
 melt;

For nature then an English audience felt—
 But why these names, or greater still, retrace,
 When all to feebler Bards resign their place?
 Yet to such times our lingering looks are cast,
 When taste and reason with those times are past.
 Now look around, and turn each trifling page,
 Survey the precious works that please the age; 20
 This truth at least let Satire's self allow,
 No dearth of Bards can be complain'd of now:
 The loaded Press beneath her labour groans,
 And Printers' devils shake their weary bones,
 While SOUTHEY's Epics cram the creaking shelves,
 And LITTLE's Lyrics shine in hot-press'd twelves.

Behold! in various throngs the scribbling crew,
For notice eager, pass in long review :
Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,
And Rhyme and Blank maintain an equal race; 30
Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode;
And Tales of Terror jostle on the road;
Immeasurable measures move along,
For simpering Folly loves a varied song,
To strange mysterious Dullness still the friend,
Admires the strain she cannot comprehend.
Thus Lays of Minstrels*—may they be the last!—
On half-strung harps whine mournful to the blast,

* See the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," *passim*. Never was any plan so incongruous and absurd as the ground-work of this production. The entrance of Thunder and Lightning prologuing to Bayes' Tragedy, unfortunately takes away the merit of originality from the dialogue between Messieurs the Spirits of Flood and Fell in the first canto. Then we have the amiable William of Deloraine, "a stark moss-

While mountain spirits prate to river sprites,
That dames may listen to the sound at nights ; 40

trooper," videlicet, a happy compound of poacher, sheep-stealer, and highwayman. The propriety of his magical lady's injunction not to read can only be equalled by his candid acknowledgment of his independence of the trammels of spelling, although, to use his own elegant phrase, " 'twas his neck-verse at hairibee," i. e. the gallows.

The biography of Gilpin Horner, and the marvellous pedestrian page, who travelled twice as fast as his master's horse, without the aid of seven leagued boots, are *chef-d'œuvres* in the improvement of taste. For incident we have the invisible, but by no means sparing, box on the ear bestowed on the page, and the entrance of a Knight and Charger into the castle, under the very natural disguise of a wain of hay. Marmion, the hero of the latter romance, is exactly what William of Deloraine would have been, had he been able to read and write. The Poem was manufactured for Messrs. CONSTABLE, MURRAY, and MILLER, worshipful booksellers, in consideration of the receipt of a sum

And goblin-brats of Gilpin Horner's brood
Decoy young Border-nobles through the wood,
And skip at every step, Lord knows how high,
And frighten foolish babes, the Lord knows why,
While high-born ladies, in their magic cell,
Forbidding Knights to read who cannot spell,
Dispatch a courier to a wizard's grave,
And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
The golden-crested haughty Marmion, 50
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
Not quite a Felon, yet but half a Knight,

of money, and truly, considering the inspiration, it is a very creditable production. If Mr. SCOTT will write for hire, let him do his best for his paymasters, but not disgrace his genius, which is undoubtedly great, by a repetition of Black letter Ballad imitations.

The gibbet or the field prepar'd to grace ;
A mighty mixture of the great and base.
And think'st thou, SCOTT ! by vain conceit perchance,
On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
Though MURRAY with his MILLER may combine
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line ?
No ! when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade. 60
Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame :
Low may they sink to merited contempt,
And scorn remunerate the mean attempt !
Such be their meed, such still the just reward
Of prostituted Muse and hireling bard !
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
And bid a long, " good night to Marmion."*

* " Good night to Marmion"—the pathetic and also prophetic exclamation of HENRY BLOUNT, Esquire, on the death of honest Marmion.

These are the themes, that claim our plaudits now ;
These are the Bards to whom the Muse must bow : 70
While MILTON, DRYDEN, POPE, alike forgot,
Resign their hallow'd Bays to WALTER SCOTT.

The time has been, when yet the Muse was young,
When HOMER swept the lyre, and MARO sung,
An Epic scarce ten centuries could claim,
While awe-struck nations hail'd the magic name:
The work of each immortal Bard appears
The single wonder of a thousand years*.

* As the Odyssey is so closely connected with the story of the Iliad, they may almost be classed as one grand historical poem. In alluding to MILTON, and TASSO, we consider the "Paradise lost," and "Gierusalemme Liberata" as their standard efforts, since neither the "Jerusalem conquered" of the Italian, nor the "Paradise regained" of the English Bard, obtained a proportionate celebrity to their former poems. Query: Which of Mr. SOUTHEY's will survive ?

Empires have moulder'd from the face of earth, [80
Tongues have expir'd with those who gave them birth,
Without the glory such a strain can give,
As even in ruin bids the language live.
Not so with us, though minor Bards content,
On one great work a life of labour spent :
With eagle pinion soaring to the skies,
Behold the Ballad-monger SOUTHEY rise!
To him let CAMOENS, MILTON, TASSO, yield,
Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field.
First in the ranks see Joan of Arc advance,
The scourge of England, and the boast of France! 90
Though burnt by wicked BEDFORD for a witch,
Behold her statue plac'd in Glory's niche;
Her fetters burst, and just releas'd from prison,
A virgin Phœnix from her ashes risen.
Next see tremendous Thalaba come on,*
Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wond'rous son ;

* Thalaba, Mr. SOUTHEY's second poem, is written in open

Domdaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew
 More mad magicians than the world e'er knew.
 Immortal Hero! all thy foes o'ercome,
 For ever reign—the rival of Tom Thumb! 100
 Since startled metre fled before thy face,
 Well wert thou doom'd the last of all thy race!
 Well might triumphant Genii bear thee hence,
 Illustrious conqueror of common sense!
 Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails,
 Cacique in Mexico, and Prince in Wales;
 Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,
 More old than Mandeville's, and not so true.
 Oh! SOUTHEY, SOUTHEY!* cease thy varied song!
 A Bard may chaunt too often and too long: 110

defiance of precedent and poetry. Mr. S. wished to produce something novel, and succeeded to a miracle. Joan of Arc was marvellous enough, but Thalaba was one of those poems “which, in the words of PORSON, will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, but—not till then.”

* We beg Mr. SOUTHEY's pardon: “Madoc disdains the

As thou art strong in verse, in mercy spare!
A fourth, alas! were more than we could bear.
But if, in spite of all the world can say,
Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way;
If still in Berkeley Ballads most uncivil,
Thou wilt devote old women to the devil,*

degraded title of Epic." See his preface. Why is Epic degraded? and by whom? Certainly the late Romaunts of Masters COTTLE, Laureat PYE, OGILVY, HOLE, and gentle Mistress COWLEY, have not exalted the Epic Muse, but as Mr. SOUTHEY's poem "disdains the appellation," allow us to ask—has he substituted any thing better in its stead? or must he be content to rival Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, in the quantity as well as quality of his verse?

* See, *The Old Woman of Berkley*, a Ballad by Mr. SOUTHEY, wherein an aged gentlewoman is carried away by Beelzebub, on "a high trotting horse."

The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue :

“ God help thee” SOUTHEY, and thy readers too.*

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,
 That mild apostate from poetic rule, 120
 The simple WORDSWORTH, framer of a lay
 As soft as evening in his favourite May,
 Who warns his friend “ to shake off toil and trouble,
 And quit his books for fear of growing double;” †

* The last line, “ God help thee,” is an evident plagiarism from the *Anti-jacobin* to Mr. SOUTHEY, on his *Dactyls* :

“ God help thee silly one.”—*Poetry of the Anti-jacobin*, page 23.

† *Lyrical Ballads*, page 4.—“ The tables turned.”
 Stanza 1.

“ Up, up my friend, and clear your looks,

“ Why all this toil and trouble?

“ Up, up my friend, and quit your books,

“ Or surely you’ll grow double.”

Who, both by precept and example, shows
 That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose,
 Convincing all by demonstration plain,
 Poetic souls delight in prose insane;
 And Christmas stories tortur'd into rhyme,
 Contain the essence of the true sublime: 130
 Thus when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
 The idiot mother of "an idiot Boy";
 A moon-struck silly lad who lost his way,
 And, like his bard, confounded night with day,*

Mr. W. in his preface labours hard to prove that prose and verse are much the same, and certainly his precepts and practice are strictly conformable.

- * " And thus to Betty's question he
 " Made answer, like a traveller bold,
 " The cock did crow to-who, to-who,
 " And the sun did shine so cold, &c. &c."

Lyrical Ballads, page 129.

So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
And each adventure so sublimely tells,
That all who view the "idiot in his glory,"
Conceive the Bard the hero of the story.

Shall gentle COLERIDGE pass unnotic'd here,
To turgid ode, and tumid stanza dear? 140
Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
Yet still obscurity's a welcome guest.
If inspiration should her aid refuse,
To him who takes a Pixy for a Muse,*
Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
The bard who soars to elegize an ass.
How well the subject suits his noble mind!
"A fellow feeling makes us wond'rous kind."

* COLERIDGE'S Poems, page 11. Songs of the Pixies, i. e. Devonshire Faries, page 42, we have "Lines to a Young Lady," and page 52, "Lines to a Young Ass."

Oh! wonder-working LEWIS! Monk, or Bard,
Who fain wouldst make Parnassus a church-yard! 150
Lo! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,
Thy Muse a Sprite, Apollo's sexton thou!
Whether on ancient tombs thou tak'st thy stand,
By gibbering spectres hail'd, thy kindred band;
Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,
To please the females of our modest age,
All hail, M. P.!* from whose infernal brain
Thin sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train;
At whose command, "grim women" throng in crouds,
And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds, 160
With "small grey men," "wild yagers," and what-not,
To crown with honour, thee, and WALTER SCOTT:
Again all hail! if tales like thine may please,
St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease;

* "For every one knows little Matt's an M. P."—See a Poem to Mr. LEWIS, in THE STATESMAN, supposed to be written by Mr. JEKYLL.

Even Satan's self with thee might dread to dwell,
And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.

Who in soft guise, surrounded by a choir
Of virgins melting, not to Vesta's fire,
With sparkling eyes, and cheek by passion flush'd,
Strikes his wild Lyre, whilst listening dames are
hush'd? 170

'Tis LITTLE! young Catullus of his day,
As sweet, but as immoral in his lay!
Griev'd to condemn, the Muse must still be just,
Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.
Pure is the flame which o'er her altar burns;
From grosser incense with disgust she turns:
Yet, kind to youth, this expiation o'er,
She bids thee, "mend thy line and sin no more."

For thee, translator of the tinsel song,
To whom such glittering ornaments belong, 180

Hibernian STRANGFORD! with thine eyes of blue,*
And boasted locks of red, or auburn hue,
Whose plaintive strain each love-sick Miss admires,
And o'er harmonious nonsense half expires,
Learn, if thou can'st, to yield thine author's sense,
Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretence.
Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher place
By dressing Camoens in a suit of lace?
Mend, STRANGFORD! mend thy morals and thy taste;
Be warm, but pure, beamorous, but be chaste: 190
Cease to deceive; thy pilfer'd harp restore,
Nor teach the Lusian Bard to copy MOORE.

* The reader who may wish for an explanation of this, may refer to "STRANGFORD'S CAMOENS," page 127, note to page 56, or to the last page of the Edinburgh Review of STRANGFORD'S CAMOENS.

It is also to be remarked, that the things given to the public, as Poems of Camoens, are no more to be found in the original Portuguese, than in the Song of Solomon.

In many marble-cover'd volumes view
HAYLEY, in vain attempting something new:
Whether he spin his comedies in rhyme,
Or scrawl, as WOOD and BARCLAY walk, 'gainst time,
His style in youth or age is still the same;
For ever feeble and for ever tame.
Triumphant first see "Temper's Triumphs" shine!
At least I'm sure they triumph'd over mine. 200
Of "Music's Triumphs" all who read may swear
That luckless Music never triumph'd there.*

Moravians rise! bestow some meet reward
On dull Devotion—lo! the Sabbath Bard,

* HAYLEY's too most notorious verse productions, are "Triumphs of Temper," and "Triumph of Music." He has also written much Comedy in rhyme, Epistles, &c. &c. As he is rather an elegant writer of notes and biography, let us recommend POPE's Advice to WYCHERLEY, to Mr. H's consideration; viz. "to convert his poetry into prose, which

Sepulchral GRAHAME, pours his notes sublime,
In mangled prose, nor e'en aspires to rhyme,
Breaks into mawkish lines each holy book,
And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch;
And, undisturbed by conscientious qualms,
Perverts the prophets, and purloins the Psalms.* 210

Hail Sympathy! thy soft idea brings
A thousand visions of a thousand things,
And shows, dissolved in thine own melting tears,
The maudlin Prince of mournful sonneteers.
And art thou not their Prince, harmonious BOWLES!
Thou first, great oracle of tender souls?
Whether in sighing winds thou seek'st relief,
Or consolation in a yellow leaf;

may be easily done by taking away the final syllable of each couplet."

* Mr. GRAHAME has poured forth two volumes of Cant, under the name of "Sabbath Walks," and "Biblical Pictures."

Whether thy muse most lamentably tells
What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells,* 220
Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend,
In every chime that jingled from Ostend?
Ah! how much juster were thy Muse's hap,
If to thy bells thou would'st but add a cap!
Delightful BOWLES! still blessing, and still blest,
All love thy strain, but children like it best.
'Tis thine with gentle LITTLE's moral song,
To soothe the mania of the amorous throng!
With thee our nursery damsels shed their tears,
Ere Miss, as yet, completes her infant years: 230
But in her teens thy whining powers are vain;
She quits poor BOWLES, for LITTLE's purer strain.
But to soft themes thou scornest to confine
The lofty numbers of a harp like thine:—

* See BOWLES's Sonnets, &c.—“Sonnet to Oxford,” and
“Stanzas on hearing the Bells of Ostend.”

"Awake a louder and a loftier strain,"*
 Such as none heard before, or will again;
 Where all discoveries jumbled from the flood,
 Since first the leaky ark repos'd in mud,
 By more or less, are sung in every book,
 From Captain NOAH down to Captain COOK. 240
 Nor this alone, but pausing on the road,
 The Bard sighs forth a gentle episode; †

* "Awake a louder &c. &c." is the first line in
 BOWLES's Spirit of Discovery;" a very spirited and pretty
 dwarf Epic. Among other exquisite lines we have the fol-
 lowing:---

"A kiss

"Stole on the list'ning silence, never yet

"Here heard; they trembled even as if the power," &c. &c.

That is, the woods of Madeira trembled to a kiss, very
 much astonished, as well they might be, at such a phæno-
 menon.

† The Episode above alluded to, is the story of "Robert
 à Machin," and "Anna d'Arfet," a pair of constant lo-

And gravely tells—attend each beauteous Miss!—
When first Madeira trembled to a kiss.
BOWLES! in thy memory, let this precept dwell,
Stick to thy Sonnets, man! at least they sell:
Or take the only path that open lies
For modern worthies who would hope to rise:
Fix on some well known name, and bit by bit,
Pare off the merits of his worth and wit; 250
On each alike employ the critic's knife,
And where a comment fails prefix a life;
Hint certain failings, faults before unknown,
Revive forgotten lies, and add your own;
Let no disease, let no misfortune 'scape,
And print, if luckily deformed, his shape:
Thus shall the world, quite undeceiv'd at last,
Cleave to their present wits and quit their past;

vers, who performed the kiss above-mentioned, that startled
the woods of Madeira.

Bards once rever'd no more with favour view,
 But give their modern sonneteers their due; 260
 Thus with the dead may living merit cope,
 Thus BOWLES may triumph o'er the shade of POPE.*

With broken lyre and cheek serenely pale,
 Lo! sad ALCÆUS wanders down the vale!
 Though fair they rose, and might have bloom'd at last,
 His hopes have perish'd by the northern blast:
 Nipp'd in the bud by Caledonian gales,
 His blossoms wither, as the blast prevails!
 O'er his lost works, let *classic* SHEFFIELD weep:
 May no rude hand disturb their early sleep!† 270

* See BOWLES's late edition of POPE's works, for which he received 300 pounds: thus Mr. B. has experienced, how much easier it is to profit by the reputation of another, than to elevate his own.

† POOR MONTGOMERY! though praised by every English Review, has been bitterly reviled by the EDINBURGH. After

Yet, say! why should the Bard, at once, resign
His claim to favour from the sacred Nine?
Forever startled by the mingled howl
Of Northern wolves that still in darkness prowl;
A coward brood which mangle as they prey,
By hellish instinct, all that cross their way:
Aged or young, the living or the dead,
No mercy find,—these harpies must be fed.
Why do the injured unresisting yield
The calm possession of their native field? 280
Why tamely thus before their fangs retreat,
Nor hunt the bloodhounds back to ARTHUR'S seat?*

Health to immortal JEFFREY! once, in name,
England could boast a judge almost the same:

all, the Bard of Sheffield is a man of considerable genius: his "Wanderer of Switzerland" is worth a thousand "Lyrical Ballads," and at least fifty "Degraded Epics."

* ARTHUR'S seat; the hill which overhangs Edinburgh.

In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,
Some think that Satan has resign'd his trust,
And given the Spirit to the world again,
To sentence Letters, as he sentenc'd men.
With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,
With voice as willing to decree the rack; 290
Bred in the Courts betimes, though all that law
As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw.
Since well instructed in the patriot school
To rail at party, though a party tool,
Who knows? if chance his patrons should restore
Back to the sway they forfeited before,
His scribbling toils some recompence may meet,
And raise this Daniel to the Judgment Seat.
Let JEFFERIES' shade indulge the pious hope,
And greeting thus, present him with a rope, 300
" Heir to my virtues! man of equal mind!
" Skill'd to condemn as to traduce mankind,
" This cord receive! for thee reserv'd with care,
" To wield in judgment, and at length to wear."

Health to great JEFFREY ! Heaven preserve his life,
To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,
And guard it sacred in his future wars,
Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars!
Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray, 310
When LITTLE'S leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow-street Myrmidoms stood laughing by ?*
Oh ! day disastrous ! on her firm set rock,
Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock ;
Dark roll'd the sympathetic waves of Forth,
Low groan'd the startled whirlwinds of the North ;

* In 1806, Messrs. JEFFREY and MOORE, met at Chalk-Farm. The duel was prevented by the interference of the Magistracy ; and, on examination, the balls of the pistols, like the courage of the combatants, were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much waggery in the daily prints.

TWEED ruffled half his waves to form a tear,
 The other half pursued its calm career;*
 ARTHUR'S steep summit nodded to its base,
 The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place; 320
 The Tolbooth felt—for marble sometimes can,
 On such occasions, feel as much as man—
 The Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms,
 If JEFFREY died, except within her arms:†

* The Tweed here behaved with proper decorum, it would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the River to have shown the smallest symptom of apprehension.

† This display of sympathy on the part of the Tolbooth, (the principal prison in Edinburgh) which truly seems to have been most affected on this occasion, is much to be commended. It was to be apprehended, that the many unhappy criminals executed in the front, might have rendered the Edifice more callous. She is said to be of the softer sex, because her delicacy of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though like most feminine impulses, perhaps a little selfish.

Nay, last not least, on that portentous morn
The sixteenth story where himself was born,
His patrimonial garret fell to ground,
And pale Edina shudder'd at the sound :
Strew'd were the streets around with milk-white reams,
Flow'd all the Canongate with inky streams, 330
This of his candour seem'd the sable dew,
That of his valour show'd the bloodless hue,
And all with justice deem'd the two combin'd
The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
But Caledonia's Goddess hover'd o'er
The field, and sav'd him from the wrath of MOORE;
From either pistol snatch'd the vengeful lead,
And strait restor'd it to her favourite's head.
That head, with greater than magnetic power,
Caught it, as Danae caught the golden shower, 340
And, though the thickening dross will scarce refine,
Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.

“ My son,” she cried, “ ne’er thirst for gore again,
 “ Resign the pistol, and resume the pen ;
 “ O’er politics and poesy, preside,
 “ Boast of thy country! and Britannia’s guide!
 “ For long as Albion’s heedless sons submit,
 “ Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,
 “ So long shall last thine unmolested reign,
 “ Nor any dare to take thy name in vain. . . . 350
 “ Behold a chosen band shall aid thy plan,
 “ And own thee chieftain of the critic clan.
 “ First in the ranks illustrious shall be seen
 “ The travell’d Thane! Athenian Aberdeen.*
 “ HERBERT shall wield THOR’s hammer†, and some-
 times
 “ In gratitude thou’lt praise his rugged rhymes.

* His Lordship has been much abroad, is a Member of the Athenian Society, and Reviewer of “ GELL’S Topography of Troy.”

† Mr. HERBERT is a translator of Icelandic and other

“ Smug SYDNEY too* thy bitter page shall seek,
 “ And classic HALLAM † much renown'd for Greek.
 “ SCOTT may perchance his name and influence lend,
 “ And paltry PILLANS ‡ shall traduce his friend. 360

poetry. One of the principal pieces is a “ Song on the Recovery of THOR’s Hammer:” the translation is a pleasant chaunt in the vulgar tongue, and endeth thus:---

“ Instead of money and rings, I wot,
 “ The hammer’s bruises were her lot,
 “ Thus Odin’s son his hammer got.

* The Rev. SYDNEY SMITH, the reputed Author of Peter Plymley’s Letters, and sundry criticisms.

† Mr. HALLAM reviewed PAYNE KNIGHT’s Taste, and was exceedingly severe on some Greek verses therein: it was not discovered that the lines were PINDAR’s till the press rendered it impossible to cancel the critique, which still stands an everlasting monument of HALLAM’s ingenuity.

‡ PILLANS is a tutor at Eton.

“ While gay Thalia’s luckless votary LAMBE,*
 “ As he himself was damn’d, shall try to damn.
 “ Known be thy name! unbounded be thy sway!
 “ Thy HOLLAND’S banquets shall each toil repay;
 “ While grateful Britain yields the praise she owes,
 “ To HOLLAND’S hirelings, and to Learning’s foes.
 “ Yet mark one caution, ere thy next Review
 “ Spread its light wings of Saffron and of Blue,
 “ Beware lest blundering BROUGHAM† spoil the sale,
 “ Turn Beef to Bannocks, Cauliflowers to Kail.” 370

* The honourable G. LAMBE reviewed “BERESFORD’S Miseries,” and is moreover Author of a Farce enacted with much applause at the Priory, Stanmore; and damned with great expedition at the late Theatre, Covent-Garden. It was entitled “Whistle for It.”

† Mr. BROUGHAM, in No. XXV. of the Edinburgh Review, throughout the article concerning Don Pedro de Cevallos, has displayed more politics than policy: many of the worthy Burgesses of Edinburgh being so incensed at the infamous principles it evinces, as to have withdrawn their sub-

Thus having said, the kilted Goddess kist
Her son, and vanish'd in a Scottish mist*.

Illustrious HOLLAND! hard would be his lot
His hirelings mentioned, and himself forgot!

scriptions. The name of this personage is pronounced Broom in the South, but the truly Northern, and *musical* pronunciation is BROUGH—AM, in two syllables.

* I ought to apologise to the worthy Deities for introducing a new Goddess with short petticoats to their notice: but alas! what was to be done? I could not say Caledonia's Genius, it being well known there is no Genius to be found from Clackmannan to Caithness, yet without supernatural agency, how was Jeffrey to be saved? The national "Kelpies," &c. are too unpoetical, and the "Brownies" and "gude neighbours," (spirits of a good disposition) refused to extricate him.—A Goddess therefore has been called for the purpose, and great ought to be the gratitude of Jeffrey, seeing it is the only communication he ever held, or is likely to hold, with any thing heavenly.

HOLLAND, with HENRY PETTY at his back,
 The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack.
 Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House,
 Where Scotchmen feed, and Critics may carouse!
 Long, long beneath that hospitable roof,
 Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof. 380
 See honest HALLAM lay aside his fork,
 Resume his pen, review his Lordship's work,
 And grateful to the founder of the feast,
 Declare his landlord can translate, at least! *
 Dunedin! view thy children with delight,
 They write for food, and feed because they write:
 And lest when heated with the unusual grape,
 Some glowing thoughts should to the press escape,
 And tinge with red the female reader's cheek,
 My lady skims the cream of each critique; 390

* Lord H. has translated some specimens of Lope de Vega,
 inserted in his life of the Author; both are bepraised by his
disinterested guests.

Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul,
Reforms each error and refines the whole*.

Now to the drama turn—oh! motley sight!
What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite!
Puns, and a Prince within a barrel pent, †
And Dibdin's nonsense yield complete content.
Though now, thank heaven! the Rosciomania's o'er,
And full-grown actors are endur'd once more;
Yet, what avails their vain attempts to please,
While British critics suffer scenes like these? 400

* Certain it is, her Ladyship is suspected of having displayed her matchless wit in the Edinburgh Review: however, that may be, we know from good authority, that the manuscripts are submitted to her perusal---no doubt for correction.

† In the melo-drame of Tekeli, that heroic prince is clapt into a barrel on the stage, a new asylum for distressed heroes.

While REYNOLDS vents his “damme, poohs,” and
 “zounds,”*

And common place, and common sense confounds ?

While KENNY'S World just suffer'd to proceed,
 Proclaims the audience very kind indeed ?

And BEAUMONT'S pilfer'd Caratach affords
 A tragedy complete in all but words ? †

Who but must mourn, while these are all the rage,
 The degradation of our vaunted stage ?

Heavens! is all sense of shame, and talent gone ?

Have we no living Bard of merit?—none? 410

Awake, GEORGE COLMAN ! CUMBERLAND, awake!
 Ring the alarum bell, let folly quake!

* All these are favourite expressions of Mr R. and prominent in his Comedies, living and defunct.

† Mr. T. Sheridan, the new Manager of Drury-Lane Theatre, stripped the Tragedy of Bonduca of the Dialogue, and exhibited the scenes as the spectacle of Caractacus.—Was this worthy of his sire? or of himself?

Oh! SHERIDAN! if aught can move thy pen,
Let Comedy resume her throne again,
Abjure the mummery of German Schools,
Leave new Pizarros to translating fools ;
Give as thy last memorial to the age,
One classic drama, and reform the stage.
Gods! o'er those boards shall Folly rear her head
Where GARRICK trod, and KEMBLE lives to tread? 420
On those shall Farce display buffoonery's mask,
And HOOK conceal his heroes in a cask?
Shall sapient managers new scenes produce
From CHERRY, SKEFFINGTON, and Mother Goose?
While SHAKESPEARE, OTWAY, MASSINGER, forgot,
On stalls must moulder, or in closets rot?
Lo! with what pomp the daily prints proclaim,
The rival candidates for attic fame!
In grim array though LEWIS' spectres rise,
Still SKEFFINGTON and GOOSE divide the prize. 430
And sure *great* SKEFFINGTON must claim our praise,
For skirtless coats, and skeletons of plays

Renowned alike; whose genius ne'er confines
 Her flight to garnish GREENWOOD'S gay designs;*
 Nor sleeps with "Sleeping Beauties," but anon
 In five facetious acts comes thundering on, †
 While poor John Bull, bewilder'd with the scene,
 Keeps wondering what the devil it can mean;
 But as some hands applaud, a venal few!
 Rather than sleep, why John applauds it too, 440

Such are we now, ah! wherefore should we turn
 To what our fathers were, unless to mourn?
 Degenerate Britons! are ye dead to shame,
 Or, kind to dullness, do you fear to blame?
 Well may the nobles of our present race
 Watch each distortion of a NALDI'S face;

* Mr. GREENWOOD is, we believe, Scene-Painter to Drury Lane Theatre—as such, Mr. S. is much indebted to him.

† Mr. S. is the illustrious author of the "Sleeping Beauty:" and some Comedies, particularly "Maids and Bachelors,"
 Baculaurii Baculo magis quam lauro digni.

Well may they smile on Italy's buffoons,
And worship CATALANI's pantaloons,*
Since their own Drama yields no fairer trace
Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace. 450

Then let AUSONIA, skill'd in ev'ry art
To soften manners, but corrupt the heart,
Pour her exotic follies o'er the town,
To sanction Vice and hunt decorum down :
Let wedded strumpets languish o'er Deshayes,
And bless the promise which his form displays ;
While Gayton bounds before the enraptured looks
Of hoary Marquises and stripling Dukes :

* NALDI and CATALANI require little notice,—for the visage of the one, and the salary of the other, will enable us long to recollect these amusing vagabonds ; besides, we are still black and blue from the squeeze on the first night of the Lady's appearance in trowsers.

Let high-born lechers eye the lively Presle [460
 Twirl her light limbs that spurn the needless veil;
 Let Angiolini bare her breast of snow,
 Wave the white arm and point the pliant toe;
 Collini trill her love-inspiring song,
 Strain her fair neck and charm the listening throng!
 Raise not your scythe, Suppressors of our Vice!
 Reforming Saints! too delicately nice!
 By whose decrees, our sinful souls to save,
 No Sunday tankards foam, no barbers shave;
 And beer undrawn and beards unmown display
 Your holy rev'rence for the Sabbath-day. 470

As for the smaller fry, who swarm in shoals
 From silly HAFIZ* up to simple BOWLES,

* What would be the sentiments of the Persian Anacreon, HAFIZ, could he rise from his splendid sepulchre at Sheeraz, where he reposes with FERDOUSI and SADI, the Oriental HOMER and CATULLUS, and behold his name assumed by one STOTT of DEBOMORE, the most impudent and execrable of literary poachers for the Daily Prints?

Why should we call them from their dark abode,
 In broad St. Giles's, or in Tottenham Road?
 Or (since some men of fashion nobly dare
 To scrawl in verse) from Bond Street, or the Square?
 If things of ton their harmless lays indite,
 Most wisely doomed to shun the public sight,
 What harm? in spite of every critic elf,
 Sir T. may read his stanzas to himself; 480

MILES ANDREWS still his strength in couplets try,
 And live in prologues, though his Dramas die.
 Lords too are Bards: such things at times befall,
 And 'tis some praise in peers to write at all.
 Yet, did or taste or reason sway the times,
 Ah! who would take their titles with their rhymes?
 ROSCOMMON! SHEFFIELD! with your spirits fled,
 No future laurels deck a noble head;
 Nor e'en a hackney'd Muse will deign to smile
 On minor BYRON, or mature CARLISLE. 490
 The puny Schoolboy and his early lay
 Men pardon, if his follies pass away;

But who forgives the Senior's ceaseless verse,
 Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse?
 What heterogeneous honours deck the Peer!
 Lord, rhymester, petit-maître, pamphleteer!*
 So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,
 His scenes alone had damn'd our sinking stage;
 But Managers for once cried, "hold, enough!"
 Nor drugged their audience with the tragic stuff. 500
 Yet at their judgment let his Lordship laugh,
 And case his volumes in congenial calf:
 Yes! doff that covering where Morocco shines,
 And hang a calf-skin† on those recreant lines.

* The Earl of Carlisle has lately published an eighteen-penny pamphlet on the state of the Stage, and offers his plan for building a new theatre: it is to be hoped his lordship will be permitted to bring forward any thing for the Stage, except his own tragedies.

† "Doff that lion's hide

"And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs."

SHAK: KING JOHN.

With you, ye Druids! rich in native lead,
 Who daily scribble for your daily bread;
 With you I war not: GIFFORD'S heavy hand
 Has crushed, without remorse, your numerous band.
 On "all the Talents" vent your venal spleen,
 Want your defence, let Pity be your screen. 510
 Let Monodies on Fox regale your crew,
 And Melville's Mantle* prove a Blanket too!
 One common Lethe waits each hapless Bard,
 And peace be with you! 'tis your best reward.
 Such damning fame as Dunciads only give
 Could bid your lines beyond a morning live;
 But now at once your fleeting labours close,
 With names of greater note in blest repose.

Lord C's works most resplendently bound form a conspicuous ornament to his book-shelves:

"The rest is all but leather and prunella."

* MELVILLE'S Mantle, a parody on "Elijah's Mantle," a poem.

Far be't from me unkindly to upbraid
 The lovely ROSA's prose in masquerade, 520
 Whose strains, the faithful echoes of her mind,
 Leave wondering comprehension far behind.*
 Though BELL has lost his nightingales and owls,
 MATILDA snivels still, and HAFIZ howls,
 And CRUSCA's spirit, rising from the dead,
 Revives in LAURA, QUIZ, and X. Y. Z. †

To the fam'd throng now paid the tribute due,
 Neglected Genius! let me turn to you.

* This lovely little Jessica, the daughter of the noted Jew K—, seems to be a follower of the Della Crusca School, and has published two volumes of very respectable absurdities in rhyme, as times go; besides sundry novels in the style of the first edition of the Monk.

† These are the signatures of various worthies who figure in the poetical departments of the newspapers.

Come forth, oh CAMPBELL!* give thy talents scope;
Who dares aspire if thou must cease to hope? 530
And thou, melodious ROGERS! rise at last,
Recall the pleasing memory of the past:
Arise! let blest remembrance still inspire,
And strike to wonted tones thy hallowed lyre;
Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,
Assert thy country's honour and thine own.
What! must deserted Poesy still weep
Where her last hopes with pious COWPER sleep?
Unless perchance, from his cold bier she turns, [540
To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel, BURNS!
No! tho' contempt hath marked the spurious brood,
The race who rhyme from folly, or for food;
Yet still some genuine sons 'tis her's to boast,
Who least affecting, still affect the most;

* It would be superfluous to recall to the mind of the reader the author of "The Pleasures of Memory" and "The Pleasures of Hope," the most beautiful didactic

Feel as they write, and write but as they feel—
Bear witness GIFFORD, SOTHEBY, MACNEIL.*

“Why slumbers GIFFORD?” once was ask’d in vain †
Why slumbers GIFFORD? let us ask again.
Are there no follies for his pen to purge? [550
Are there no fools whose backs demand the scourge?

poems in our language, if we except Pope’s *Essay on Man*: but so many poetasters have started up, that even the names of CAMPBELL and ROGERS are become strange.

* GIFFORD, author of the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, the first satires of the day, and translator of *Juvenal*.

SOTHEBY, translator of *WIELAND*’s *Oberon*, and *VIRGIL*’s *Georgics*, and author of *Saul*, an epic poem.

MACNEIL, whose poems are deservedly popular: particularly “*SCOTLAND*’s *Scaith, or the Waes of War*,” of which ten thousand copies were sold in one month.

† Mr. GIFFORD promised publicly that the *Baviad* and *Mæviad* should not be his last original works: let him remember; “*Mox in reluctantes Dracones.*”

Are there no sins for Satire's Bard to greet?
Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street?
Shall Peers or Princes tread pollution's path,
And 'scape alike the Law's and Muse's wrath?
Nor blaze with guilty glare through future time,
Eternal beacons of consummate crime?
Arouse thee, GIFFORD! be thy promise claim'd,
Make bad men better, or at least asham'd.

Unhappy WHITE!* while life was in its spring
And thy young Muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair [560
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science 'self destroyed her favourite son!

* HENRY KIRKE WHITE died at Cambridge in October 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which Death itself destroyed

Yes! she too much indulg'd thy fond pursuit,
She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruit.
'Twas thine own Genius gave the final blow
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low:
So the struck Eagle stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again, 570
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart
And wing'd the shaft that quivered in his heart:
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nurs'd the pinion which impell'd the steel,
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

There be, who say in these enlightened days
That splendid lies are all the poets praise;

rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents, which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume.

That strained invention, ever on the wing,
Alone impels the modern Bard to sing. 580
'Tis true, that all who rhyme, nay all who write,
Shrink from that fatal word to Genius—Trite:
Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
And decorate the verse herself inspires:
This fact in Virtue's name let CRABBE attest,
Though Nature's sternest Painter, yet the best.

And you, associate Bards! * who snatch'd to light
Those Gems too long withheld from modern sight;
Whose mingling taste combined to cull the wreath
Where Attic flowers Aonian odours breathe, 590
And all their renovated fragrance flung,
To grace the beauties of your native tongue;

* The translators of the Anthology have since published separate poems, which evince genius that only requires opportunity to attain eminence.

Now let those minds that nobly could transfuse
The glorious Spirit of the Grecian Muse,
Though soft the echo, scorn a borrow'd tone:
Resign Achaia's lyre and strike your own.

Let these, or such as these, with just applause,
Restore the Muse's violated laws;
But not in flimsy DARWIN'S pompous chime,
That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme; 600
Whose gilded cymbals, more adorn'd than clear,
The eye delighted but fatigu'd the ear,
In show the simple lyre could once surpass,
But now worn down, appear in native brass;
While all his train of hovering sylphs around,
Evaporate in similies and sound:
Him let them shun, with him let tinsel die:—
False glare attracts, but more offends the eye.*

* The neglect of the "Botanic Garden," is some proof of returning taste; the scenery is its sole recommendation.

Yet let them not to vulgar WORDSWORTH stoop,
The meanest object of the lowly group, 610
Whose verse of all but childish prattle void,
Seems blessed harmony to LAMBE and LLOYD: *
Let them—but hold my Muse, nor dare to teach
A strain, far, far beyond thy humble reach;
The native genius with their feeling given
Will point the path, and peal their notes to heaven.

And thou, too, SCOTT! resign to minstrels rude,
The wilder Slogan of a Border feud:
Let others spin their meagre lines for hire;
Enough for Genius if itself inspire! 620
Let SOUTHEY sing, altho' his teeming muse,
Prolific every spring, be too profuse;
Let simple WORDSWORTH chime his childish verse,
And brother COLERIDGE lull the babe at nurse;

* MESSRS. LAMBE and LLOYD, the most ignoble followers
of SOUTHEY and Co.

Let Spectre-mongering LEWIS aim, at most,
 To rouse the Galleries, or to raise a ghost;
 Let MOORE be lewd; let STRANGFORD steal from
 MOORE,
 And swear that CAMOENS sang such notes of yore;
 Let HAYLEY hobble on; MONTGOMERY rave;
 And godly GRAHAME chaunt a stupid stave; 630
 Let sonneteering BOWLES his strains refine,
 And whine and whimper to the fourteenth line;
 Let STOTT, CARLISLE, MATILDA, and the rest
 Of Grub-Street, and of Grosvenor-Place the best,
 Scrawl on, 'till death release us from the strain,
 Or common sense assert her rights again;
 But Thou, with powers that mock the aid of praise,
 Should'st leave to humbler Bards ignoble lays:
 Thy country's voice, the voice of all the Nine,
 Demand a hallowed harp—that harp is thine. 640
 Say, will not Caledonia's annals yield
 The glorious record of some nobler field,

Than the vile foray of a plundering clan,
Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of man?
Or Marmion's acts of darkness, fitter food
For outlaw'd SHERWOOD'S tales of ROBIN HOOD?
Scotland! still proudly claim thy native Bard,
And be thy praise his first, his best reward!
Yet not with thee alone his name should live,
But own the vast renown a world can give: 650
Be known perchance, when Albion is no more,
And tell the tale of what she was before,
To future times her faded fame recall,
And save her glory, though his country fall.

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons,
Expert in science, more expert at puns?
Shall these approach the Muse? ah no! she flies,
And even spurns the great Seatonian prize,
Though Printers condescend the press to soil [660
With rhyme by HOARE, and epic blank by HOYLE:

Not him whose page, if still upheld by whist,
Requires no sacred theme to bid us list.*

Ye! who in Granta's honours would surpass

Must mount her Pegasus, a full-grown ass;

A foal well worthy of her ancient dam,

Whose Helicon is duller than her Cam.

Oh dark asylum of a Vandal race!†

At once the boast of learning, and disgrace;

* The "Games of Hoyle," well known to the votaries of Whist, Chess, &c. are not to be superseded by the vagaries of his poetical namesake, whose poem comprised, as expressly stated in the advertisement, all the "Plagues of Egypt."

† "Into Cambridgeshire the Emperor Probus transported a considerable body of Vandals."—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, page 83, vol. 2. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion, as a large stock of the same breed is to be found there at this day.

So sunk in dullness and so lost in shame [670
That SMYTHE and HODGSON* scarce redeem thy fame.
But where fair Isis rolls her purer wave,
The partial Muse delighted loves to lave,
On her green banks a greener wreath is wove,
To crown the Bards that haunt her classic grove,
Where RICHARDS wakes a genuine poet's fires
And modern Britons justly praise their Sires. †

For me, who thus unknown have dared to tell
My country, what her sons should know too well,
Zeal for her honour, no malignant rage,
Has bade me spurn the follies of her age. 680

* This gentleman's name requires no praise; the man who in translation displays unquestionable genius, may well be expected to excel in original composition, of which it is to be hoped we shall soon see a splendid specimen.

† The "Aboriginal Britons," an excellent poem by RICHARDS.

No just applause her honoured name shall lose,
As first in freedom, dearest to the Muse.
Oh! would thy Bards but emulate thy fame
And rise, more worthy, Albion, of thy name!
What Athens was in science, Rome in power,
What Tyre appeared in her meridian hour,
'Tis thine at once, fair Albion, to have been,
Earth's chief dictatress, ocean's mighty queen :
But Rome decayed, and Athens strewed the plain,
And Tyre's proud piers lie shatter'd in the main ; 690
Like these thy strength may sink in ruin hurl'd,
And Britain fall, the bulwark of the World.
But let me cease, and dread Cassandra's fate,
With warning ever scoff'd at, 'till too late ;
To themes less lofty still my lay confine,
And urge thy Bards to gain a name like thine.

THE END.

T. Collins, Printer, Harvey's Buildings, Strand.







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